

deix and sad eyes unflinching, he rides steadily to his fate. The heavy horse is a splendid sculptural achievement, clean cut and magnificently wrought, but conspicuous as he is, easily dominated by the presence of the silent rider. Then, behind and across the entire background, march with swinging tread, the black men, their mistle-overs shoulders which bend under the

burdensome knapsacks. They are equipped for a long journey from which not many will return. The movement of this great composition is extraordinary. We almost hear the roll of the drums and the shuffle of the heavy shoes. It makes the day of that brave departure very real again.

**Sublime Faith**

The hopes and fears—the misgivings and yet the faith—bound up in this departure are perhaps beyond the realization of us of this generation. But in the hearts of those who were responsible for the sending forth of these men, there was seemingly unmingled and sublime faith. The misgivings dwelt not with those who had issued the call which these stout-hearted blacks had so eagerly answered. Yet it was reasonable to suppose that misgivings there were. That was but natural. Moreover, under the circumstances there was almost unexampled courage on the part of the white officers for reasons which most of you probably know or can surmise.

**Governor's Address**

Governor Andrew of Massachusetts made an address to the regiment in the course of which he said to Colonel Shaw:

I know not, Mr. Commander, where in our human history in any given thousand years there has been committed a work so noble and so precious, so full of hope and glory, as the work committed to you.

**Black Soldiers**

When designing this memorial, Saint-Gaudens no doubt learned all these things, if he had not known them before. Doubtless he also realized that the men of this regiment were representative and typical of the quarter-million black men—some formerly free, some slave—who wore "the blue" bravely, creditably, and effectively. But up to that time, none of the War memorials had given them any recognition.

Then there was the great drama of the War itself; its purpose, its pathos, its glory, and its tragedy. All these, as felt should be, if possible, embodied in this memorial, or at least suggested by it. A lesser man would have shrunk from the task. But as was said of Mary by the Evangelist, we may safely say of Saint-Gaudens: He kept all these things and pondered them in his heart.

**Hard Work**

We may also rest assured that what

we see here portrayed in this immortal work is not the result, on the sculptor's part, of a lucky hit, a fortuitous chance, or a sudden and unthought inspiration. I wish to emphasize this point, as perhaps should have been done in connection with some of the works discussed before. The point is that, though in art-discussion we frequently use the term "inspired," and have a right to use it, yet the expression should not be held to imply that the really great and sublime conceptions have burst into, or out of, the supposed fortunate or the supposed "gifted" artists' minds, complete and full-panoplied, in a dream or over-night.

It may, indeed, happen that a bare idea, even a fundamental idea, will spring up with some degree of spontaneity, but the completed work, such as we see here,—instinct with taste and technical mastery, yet sublime in its expressiveness and mighty in its moving power and withal, suffused with a melancholy beauty—such a work is, after all, more a development than a conception; taking the latter word in the sense in which it is commonly used.

Masterpieces of this character are the result of much hard work and skilful technical manipulation; but they are still more the consummation of prolonged study based on discernment, artistic taste, sympathy, and sincerity. In short, inspiration—or certainly the essential element in it—is devotion.

**Twelve Years**

Concerning the sculptor's devoted application to his self-imposed task, Mr. Taft says:

For twelve years the project grew, not only in the sculptor's mind but in tangible form, with improvements from year to year, the while other works of simpler motif were being finished and leaving the studio. Well was the artist rewarded for his seeking and the committee for their waiting.

**Determination**

Let us listen for a minute to a part of what Mr. Downes says regarding the memorial in the book that I named a few moments ago:

And the black rank and file, with what a wonderful sense of human pathos, of fateful forward movement, with what warlike rhythmic momentum, as of marching legions tramping southward, with what a suggestion of the slow but irresistible grinding of the mills of God, has the artist clothed these humble, united, obedient, devoted, doomed men! Does not the martyrdom which overhangs them ennoble them? Unutterable sadness, sublime resignation,

and an invincible determination is in all these set countenances, all facing the same way, all looking toward the South, all intent on a great final business and a glorious death.

**The Highest Expression of American Art**

After quoting the above and some additional, Mr. Taft goes on:

Such is the orchestral accompaniment of this great work, the murmurous undertone that is awakened in one's mind, when even a reproduction of the relief is seen.

What is it that gives this power to a bronze panel? Why should it bring shudders to the eyes and a grip to the heart? On what grounds do men call it the highest expression of American art?

It would take too much time to repeat Mr. Taft's rather long and involved answers to his own questions, but it may be said that he ends by stating that this monument is "the finest and adequate expression of America's new-born patriotism"; by which he means, I take it, that what was then the Nation's new-born patriotism, when it shall have grown to its full stature will tower above the odious "color line"; and that thereafter in America, no man will need to tremble for his country, when, with Jefferson, he remembers that God is just.

**Rodin Took Off His Hat**

We can now, I am sure, understand why it was that Rodin, the great French sculptor—perhaps the greatest master of modern times—reverently took off his hat before this monument. It seems strangely providential that this greatest of American military memorials should have been inspired primarily by the valor and the devotion of Negro-American soldiery.

Around the man who seeks a noble end, Not anguish but divinity attend. —Emerson.

**PERSONAL**

Aside from its artistic preeminence and its historic merits and associations, this memorial is particularly dear to me.

Many of the "devoted, doomed men" of this regiment and of the 55th, its companion regiment, though they served under the flag of Massachusetts—dear old Massachusetts—enlisted in my own state, were Ohio "boys," and were friends, neighbors, and relatives of me and mine.

**"Katie, Don't Forget"**

And as I stood before this hallowed monument in Boston, in the twilight stillness of a summer evening, struggling to drive the dimness from my eyes and the grip from my heart, I felt myself strangely moved; and a flood of memories swept over my mind. Some were sweetly sad, and some were inspiring and glorious. Particularly did one tall, handsome fellow push into my memory. Of course I do not remember it, but I have been told, on authority that I cannot doubt, that on that beautiful April morning in 1863, when the boys left our town, while the goodbyes were being said, and tears and cheers and prayers were mingled, this stalwart fellow gently pulled aside a slip of a girl and said to her quietly: "Now, Katie, don't forget; you are to wait; and if I get back—you know."

**Wounded**

The most of our boys, pitiful to tell, did not return. The bloody ramparts of Wagner, the stubborn stand at Oluster, and the tragic mistake of Honey Hill took heavy toll. But the boy who whispered to Katie, though he went through these; and though in the lurid twilight-darkness of that memorable evening at Wagner when his beloved Colonel and so many of his comrades perished, he received a grievous wound; and though he sustained another and still more grievous wound on that awful night at Honey Hill where he and many of his comrades were necessarily abandoned for the enemy to pick up or bury; and though, while suffering from wounds, he spent weary, anxious months in Andersonville, that most dreadful of prison pens—passing more than once through the very valley and the shadow—yet, though no longer stalwart and handsome, yet he came back, and he found that Katie had waited.

And I am gratified to tell you that

he still lives, and Katie too; and often do I see my own little daughter put her arms lovingly around this old veteran's neck and call him, "Grandpa."

**A St. Gaudens Statue in Washington**

One of the best known of the St. Gaudens works is in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D.C.

It is the famous Adams memorial, sometimes termed "The Statue of Grief." Thousands of persons visit this statue each year in an effort to interpret its meaning.

Other famous St. Gaudens statues are "The Sherman Monument," at the entrance to Central Park, 59th and Fifth Avenue, New York, and there is also the statue of Admiral Farragut, in Madison Square, New York.

Lincoln Park, Chicago, has the Abraham Lincoln statue in which Mr. Lincoln is standing before a chair. On the Chicago lake front is another monument of Lincoln seated in a chair.



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